

The Architect of Downfall

by

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FADE IN:

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

The scorching sun glistens through the arc-like windows of a large tastefully furnished office. An executive mesh chair hides behind a surprisingly barren solid oak desk.

A man paces around endlessly yapping on a cell phone . This is MICHAEL HOLT (32): generically handsome, snappily dressed. MICHAEL looks like every other young lawyer at the A & T Firm -- slicked back hair, suspenders, and horn rimmed glasses.

MICHAEL

Of course it's not an option. She can either face the facts and take it all in stride, or she can sue my client and face the consequences. Either way, it's still a win-win case for us. I'm trying to make this less painful than it has to be, but don't get me wrong, if we have to, we will take her for all she's worth. I expect an answer by Monday morning.

MICHAEL hangs up the phone and throws it on a leather couch. He heads over to his desk as he puts on his suit jacket. As he does, so he dials a number on his office phone.

PATRICIA (O.C.)

Yes, Mr. Holt?

MICHAEL

Could I see you in here for a minute.

PATRICIA (O.C.)

Right away.

MICHAEL hangs up the phone and searches for his briefcase.

The door opens and a young brunette clad in a revealing Swiss Miss dress enters the office. This is PATRICIA (25). She stands by the open door.

MICHAEL

I'm gonna need you to get in touch with Lisa's people and have them fax over a copy of the will.

PATRICIA

Done. When do you want to schedule a meeting with the judge?

MICHAEL

Oh shit. Right. Right. Okay, how's my Wednesday looking?

PATRICIA whips out a palm pilot.

PATRICIA
Umm, no good. Wednesday's the meeting
with Renovatio Films, and it happens
to be Kimberly's birthday as well.

MICHAEL freezes.

MICHAEL
It's Kimberly's birthday Wednesday?
(beat)
What about Thursday.

PATRICIA
Thursday's fine. But you have to make
it back in time for Richard's farewell
bash.

MICHAEL chuckles.

MICHAEL
Twelve years of sucking up to the guy
and he's finally fucking off. Yeah, I
wouldn't miss it.

PATRICIA giggles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I'm also gonna need you to get in touch
with Shelly and tell her I have
reservations for tonight at Posh
Richmond. Could you close the door
please. Find out as well...

PATRICIA closes the door as Michael subtly approaches her.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
...if Jack Crawford approved the
proposal I sent him three weeks ago.

MICHAEL comes close to PATRICIA. She closes the gap.

PATRICIA
Right away, sir.

She pulls his face towards hers and gives him an affectionate
kiss. MICHAEL grabs her shoulders and squeezes her body close
to his. They passionately kiss.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Anything else, sir?

MICHAEL
What do you think about dinner at La
Chosas tonight?

PATRICIA

I don't think my boyfriend would approve.

MICHAEL

Who? The rocker? I'm sure he won't mind. What he doesn't know won't kill him.

PATRICIA coyly smiles.

PATRICIA

How does eight sound?

MICHAEL

Perfect. I'll pick you up then. There's some friends of mine I'd like you to finally meet.

PATRICIA

Not a threesome, is it?

MICHAEL chuckles.

MICHAEL

Nope. But it will sure make for an interesting night.

MICHAEL slaps her rear as she walks towards the door.

PATRICIA

Oh, and don't forget to pick up Shelly's laundry. It's the third time you've forgotten.

PATRICIA heads out the door. MICHAEL slowly breathes in, then exhales in a sigh of accomplishment.

MICHAEL

(to himself)

I am the King.

He picks up his briefcase and walks out the office.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - EVENING

MICHAEL, cellphone in hand, impatiently looks at the clock on the wall. 6:33pm. He glances behind him at the line of people waiting for their clothes as well. He turns and stares at the laundry attendant sifting through clothes wrapped in plastic.

MICHAEL

Hey, can you please hurry it up? Some of us have plans for the night.

ATTENDANT

I'm trying my best here, sir. These clothes have been here three weeks.

They're bound to get mixed up with the older clothes.

MICHAEL
(to himself)
Christ.

His cellphone vibrates.

INSERT on cellphone. A message reads "So, are we still on for tonight? She'd better be a cutie?"

MICHAEL smiles and texts back. He glances at the clock. 6:36pm.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

MICHAEL is talking on his cell phone as he puts on a dress shirt.

MICHAEL
Honey, the guy was being a dick. How hard is it to find a bunch of clothes anyway?

He races around the bedroom as he hastily buttons his shirt

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Well, I'll get them tomorrow instead. I have a dinner date with the judge. I can't afford to be late.

He sits on the bed and puts on a pair of socks.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Well, it's the only time he could see me. You know how many meetings and cases I have to deal with this week? There's hardly any time during the day to discuss business with him.

He scurries towards the mirror by a dresser and sprays on some cologne.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Can't she sleep over at Grandma's place? At least this way you can get your writing done in peace.

He checks himself out in the mirror. He looks dashing. He gives himself a wink.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Yeah, yeah. I'll pick her up myself tomorrow.

He starts to head out the bedroom.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I love you too, sweetheart. Bye.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MICHAEL searches his living room for his cuff links. As he does so, he dials a number on his cell phone.

MICHAEL
Hey, Patricia. Guess I caught your voicemail. Can't wait to see you. I'll call you when I get to your building. See you soon.

MICHAEL is frantically searching for his cuff links. He gets on his knees and searches underneath the couch.

VOICE
You looking for these?

MICHAEL is startled. He loses his footing and falls on his rear. He turns around and stares at a burly brazen man clad in a light brown trench coat. This is JACK. He sports an unshaven beard covering up a scar on his left cheek. His hair is covered in a black toque. In his left hand, he holds a pair of cuff links. His right hand is hidden behind his back.

MICHAEL
Who the hell...what the hell are you doing in my house.

JACK extends his left arm.

JACK
Are these what you're looking for?

MICHAEL gets up hastily.

MICHAEL
WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?

JACK slowly approaches him.

JACK
I've never really known why people have a need to wear cuff links. What can cuff links do that a regular button can't?

MICHAEL
ARE YOU DEAF? I ASKED YOU WHAT THE FUCK YOU'RE DOING IN MY HOUSE.

JACK
Aren't you gonna need these?

MICHAEL advances towards JACK.

MICHAEL
Hey, look here, guy. I don't know who
the hell you are, but could you please
get the fuck out of my house. NOW.

JACK scoffs. He gently places the cuff links on a nearby dresser.

JACK
(to himself)
I try to be nice, but that's the
attitude I get.

MICHAEL is appalled.

MICHAEL
GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE OR I'M
GOING TO CALL THE COPS.

JACK places his other hand behind his back. He smiles subtly.

JACK
No, you're not.

MICHAEL
I'm not?

MICHAEL laughs mockingly. He whips out his cell phone and dials
911.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I suggest you start walking out the
door, buddy.

JACK hasn't lost his subtle smile. He continues to stare at
MICHAEL.

VOICE (O.C.)
Hello. 911. What's your emergency.

MICHAEL gives JACK a menacing look.

MICHAEL
Hello, police?

JACK loses his smile. He quickly swings his right hand from behind
his back and points it at MICHAEL.

MICHAEL is frozen

VOICE (O.C.)
Hello? State the nature of your
emergency, sir.

MICHAEL stares at a Colt Python Revolver aimed at his head. JACK's
intriguing smile reappears.

VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Sir? Can you hear me? Sir?

JACK
Aren't you going to answer her?

MICHAEL is still frozen. He is breathing heavily.

MICHAEL
Umm...sorry, my mistake. No emergency here.

VOICE (O.C.)
Sir, if you're in trouble, state the...

MICHAEL hangs up the cell phone. With palms open, he slowly extends his arms at JACK as he backs away.

MICHAEL
Look, man, I don't want any trouble. Take whatever you want. I won't try and stop you. Just don't shoot me.

JACK is silent. MICHAEL starts to panic.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Guy, just take whatever you want, man. I'm not gonna...

JACK
Sit down.

MICHAEL
What?

JACK
(sternly)
Sit down.

MICHAEL hastily sits down on the couch.

JACK looks around the room. He makes his way to a photo rack and examines them. He picks up one framed photograph and examines it closely. He takes the photo out of the frame and walks over to a recliner. He puts the photograph in his side pocket as he sits down. Gun in hand, he rests his arm on the hand rest. He stares at MICHAEL.

MICHAEL
Aren't you here to rob me or somethin'?

JACK smiles to himself.

JACK
Where were you off to in such a hurry?

MICHAEL
I...umm...I had...have a dinner meeting with a colleague.

JACK glances at his watch.

JACK
At this time of night? What's so important that can't wait till the morning.

MICHAEL
Umm...it's the only time I could meet him. I'm a lawyer. I work for...

JACK
I don't care what you do for a living.

MICHAEL
Okay.

Beat.

JACK
I smell cologne.

MICHAEL doesn't know what to say.

JACK (CONT'D)
You look sharp. Important meeting?

MICHAEL
Yeah. Yeah, it is. Look, just take whatever you want. I'm not gonna call the cops.

JACK
What time is your meeting?

MICHAEL is lost.

MICHAEL
Why? What's it to you?

JACK, still staring at MICHAEL, starts playing with the gun's trigger. MICHAEL gets the message.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Eight. I'm meeting him at eight.

JACK
Hmm.

MICHAEL
What is this?

JACK is curious.

JACK
What is what?

MICHAEL
This. Aren't you suppose to rob me or something?

JACK
Is that what I'm supposed to do?

MICHAEL
Well, you're pointing a gun at me.

JACK
And automatically you assume I'm here to rob you?

MICHAEL
Well...yeah, I suppose.

JACK
Well, don't worry. I'm not here to rob you.

Beat.

MICHAEL
Well, if you're not gonna rob me, why are you still pointing that gun at me?

JACK curiously looks at his gun.

JACK
What, this? Oh, real simple. I'm gonna use it to kill a certain someone.

MICHAEL is horrified.

MICHAEL
K..kill someone? You mean me? You're here to kill me?

JACK
Sure, why not.

MICHAEL
I don't understand. Why? Why are you here to kill me?

JACK stays silent.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Is this a joke?
(to himself)
This has to be a joke.
(to JACK)
Is this a joke?

JACK
No. No joke.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)
You all right?

MICHAEL
Am I all right? YOU'RE GONNA FUCKING
KILL ME AND YOU'RE ASKING IF I'M ALL
RIGHT?

JACK
Could you lower your voice, please?

MICHAEL
(to himself)
This isn't happening. This is not
happening.

JACK
Do you need a glass of water?

MICHAEL buries his face in his hands.

MICHAEL
Who sent you?

JACK stays silent.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Okay. I understand. You're not at
liberty to say. How much are they
paying you? I'll double it.

No answer

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Okay, fine. I'll triple it.

JACK
I suppose in your line of work, you
would have that kind of money, huh.

MICHAEL
I can get you whatever you want. Just
name it. How much?

JACK
I don't want your money.

MICHAEL
What? I'm offering you three times
whatever you're getting paid. That's
a good deal.

JACK
I don't want your money.

MICHAEL

Come on, buddy. Work with me here.
There has to be something that you
want.

JACK
You aren't capable of getting what I
want.

MICHAEL
Try me. I'm a lawyer, man. I'm good at
getting what I want. Just tell me what
you want.

JACK
I'll take a pass. Thank you though.

MICHAEL is speechless. JACK gets up. MICHAEL panics.

JACK (CONT'D)
This will be a lot easier if you just
accept that someone is going to die
tonight.

MICHAEL is overwhelmed. He gets on his knees and joins his hands
together.

MICHAEL
Please. I'm begging you. Please.
Don't kill me. I'll do anything you
want.

JACK glances at his watch. He readies his pistol.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Why are you doing this to me?

JACK
Why? Why not?

MICHAEL
WOULD YOU STOP WITH THE FUCKING MIND
GAMES? I DON'T FUCKING DESERVE THIS?
WHAT THE HELL DID I DO TO YOU?

MICHAEL has a realization.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Does this have anything to do with my
job? Did I hurt you or something? You
lost a case to one of my clients? It
wasn't my intention. It's just my job,
man. That's what I get paid to do. My
job.

JACK rummages through his trench coat and fishes out a manila
envelope. He throws it at MICHAEL, gun still pointed at him.

MICHAEL slowly picks up the envelope.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What's this?

JACK
Open it.

MICHAEL obeys and tears open the envelope. A couple of 10 X 15 photographs fall on his lap. He picks them up and stares at them. His face freezes. MORTIFIED.

JACK fishes out the photograph from his side pocket. He stares at it again.

JACK (CONT'D)
How old is she?

MICHAEL
(distracted)
Huh?

JACK
The little girl. How old is she?

MICHAEL stares at the photos again.

MICHAEL
Umm...she's three.

JACK
She's very beautiful. What's her name?

MICHAEL turns his attention to JACK.

MICHAEL
Where did you get these?

JACK ignores the question.

JACK
What's the girl's name?

MICHAEL
Kimberly.

JACK looks at the photo, deep in thought.

JACK
(to himself)
Kimberly.

MICHAEL
How did you get a hold of these?

JACK
It seems harder and harder these days for people like you to cover up their own tracks, don't you think?

MICHAEL is at a loss for words.

MICHAEL
I...uh...I...oh God!

MICHAEL breaks down. JACK somberly watches. MICHAEL looks up at JACK.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
It is you, isn't it?

JACK
Didn't think I'd need the photos to remind you.

BEAT. MICHAEL wipes his tears.

MICHAEL
You really are here to kill me, aren't you?

Jack stays silent. He looks at his watch.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
How did you find me?

JACK
Doesn't matter much now. What matters now is what happens next.

Both JACK and MICHAEL's attention are diverted to the sound of a car pulling into the driveway.

MICHAEL
(to himself)
Oh, Jesus.

JACK
Your wife, I presume?

MICHAEL gets up.

MICHAEL
She has nothing to do with this. Leave her out of it.

JACK
I don't think you are in any position to tell me what to do.

They hear the front door open and close.

SHELLY (O.S.)
Honey! Are you still here?

JACK beckons to MICHAEL to reply.

MICHAEL
Uh, in here, babe.

SHELLY (30), beautiful, enters the room, groceries in hand.

SHELLY
I thought you were going for a meeting.
Why are...

Her attention is diverted to JACK, still holding his pistol.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

SHELLY drops the grocery bags.

JACK
I'm gonna need you to calm down now,
miss, otherwise I might get an itchy
trigger finger.

SHELLY looks at MICHAEL.

SHELLY
Michael, what the hell is going on
here? Why does he have a gun?

MICHAEL
Honey, just calm down and come over
here?

SHELLY
WHAT DO YOU MEAN CALM DOWN? THERE IS
A MAN IN MY HOUSE WITH A GUN.

JACK points the gun at SHELLY.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
Oh my God!

MICHAEL
(to JACK)
NO!
(to SHELLY)
Honey, just please, come over here,
okay? Don't do anything to provoke
him.

SHELLY walks over to MICHAEL.

SHELLY
Is he here to rob us? Just give him what
he wants.

JACK
(to himself)
Again with the robbing.
(to SHELLY)

I'm not here to rob you. I'm just here to settle a score with your husband.

SHELLY
What score?

MICHAEL
It's nothing to concern yourself with, honey, just sit down and keep your mouth shut.

SHELLY
Don't tell me to shut up. I want to know what is going on.

JACK
Your wife wants to know what's going on. Let's tell her a story, shall we, Michael?

MICHAEL
No.

JACK points the gun at MICHAEL's head.

JACK
This is not an option, Michael. Now your wife asked you a question, I suggest you answer her.

MICHAEL, head hung, struggles to fight his tears.

SHELLY
Michael?

MICHAEL can barely look at her.

MICHAEL
I...uh...

JACK grow impatient. SHELLY becomes uneasy.

SHELLY
Michael, just tell me already.

MICHAEL
I'm a very sick man, Shelly.

SHELLY
What do you mean sick? Is it something serious?

JACK leers at MICHAEL.

JACK
An untreatable sickness.

SHELLY looks at JACK, then at MICHAEL.

SHELLY
Honey, baby, I'm really scared. What
the hell is going on here?

MICHAEL
Three years ago, I did
something...bad. Something horrible.
To this man.

SHELLY
What? What did you do?

MICHAEL
My friends and I, we were at this
event. Uhm...

SHELLY sits closer to MICHAEL and wraps her arms around his
shoulders.

SHELLY
Honey, you can tell me anything.

MICHAEL
I know. Uh, we were at this event. Just
a party to celebrate a deal we had
inked with a talent agency. They had
a bunch of beautiful women there, so,
uh, my friends and I started making
bets on which model could put out more.
It was a stupid bet really. But the bet
was we try and determine who the
sluttiest looking one would be, and we
would each try and pick her up.

SHELLY takes her arms off MICHAEL as she tries to soak his story
in.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
We all agreed on one particular model
who caught our eyes. We each tried to
buy her a drink, but she wouldn't
accept any of it. We got a bit
frustrated that she rejected all of
us, so we decided to just stick to
drinking and mingling. We, uh, ended
up getting a little bit too drunk. We
weren't thinking. We were still in a
pissed off mood, so we waited, and we
tailed her to her house. We just wanted
to spook her, that's all. We waited for
her to open the door...then we lunged
at her.

SHELLY slowly inches herself away from him. She starts to
tremble. JACK'S breathing intensifies.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It was dark. She started to scream, but one of my friends covered her mouth. We dragged her inside the house. I locked the door while the guys dragged her into the living room.

SHELLY looks away, slowly tearing up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
We got a little bit too excited. One of the guys started tearing off her clothes while the rest of us watched. She started to scream, so he hit her.

JACK eyes start to well up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
We heard footsteps. A man came running down the stairs. We thought he was her roommate or something, so...

MICHAEL slowly looks up at JACK, who leers back at him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
...we jumped him. We beat him up badly. Two of us braced him down, while the others started working on the woman.

SHELLY buries her face in her hands, crying. She doesn't want to hear any more. MICHAEL tears up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
We, uh...we took turns. We took turns. We made the man watch as we raped her. Christ, we raped her.

MICHAEL breaks down.

JACK
(sarcastically)
Don't stop now. It gets better.

MICHAEL tries to compose himself.

MICHAEL
It wasn't until I watched the news a week later. Turns out that...uh...

MICHAEL looks up at JACK and gives him an apologetic look.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
...she was a month pregnant.

SHELLY bawls. She gets up.

SHELLY
Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh Jesus Christ!

MICHAEL looks at SHELLY.

MICHAEL
I'm so sorry, Shelly. I'm so very
sorry.

SHELLY lunges at MICHAEL and starts slapping him.

SHELLY
YOU SON OF A BITCH! YOU SICK LYING SACK
OF SHIT! HOW COULD YOU DO THIS? HOW
COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME! YOU SICK
BASTARD!

SHELLY clumps down in despair. MICHAEL is beside himself.

MICHAEL
I'm sorry, baby, please believe me. I
really am sorry. I need help. I know
that now.

JACK picks up the photographs.

JACK
Would you like to hear the rest of that
story?

Both SHELLY and MICHAEL look up at him.

JACK (CONT'D)
While she was being treated for her
injuries, she was told that due to the
brute force rendered to her body,
significant damage had been done to
her fetus. The doctors said the baby
had no chance of survival.

MICHAEL looks down.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'd like to think she did her best to
tough it out. Being raped and losing
a baby all in one day can change a
person's perspective on life. You can
only imagine my reaction coming home
one day to find my wife's lifeless body
hanging from the ceiling. Truth of the
matter is, I don't blame her for doing
it. I'm not mad at her. I'm mad at
myself for not being there at the hour
of her need.

JACK readies his pistol.

JACK (CONT'D)
I've had many sleepless nights
dreaming about what I would do to the
men who took did that to her. She was

too mortified to give even a tiny bit of description of them. Oh, but I did find one of them. Don't ask me how, but I found him. Him and his sick friends. Turns out that night was the birth of a ritual among these so called friends. Do you know what your husband does on his free time?

SHELLY looks at JACK. His expression tells all.

SHELLY
JESUS, MICHAEL! How long have you and your friends been doing this?

MICHAEL's head is hung. Too ashamed to say.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
OH MY GOD, YOUR SICK!! YOU HEAR ME!!
YOU'RE A SICK EXCUSE FOR A HUMAN
BEING!!

JACK
It's not until the end that people truly see the error of their ways.

JACK cocks the hammer. SHELLY stops yelling and looks at JACK. This gets MICHAEL's attention.

SHELLY
What are you going to do?

JACK ignores her.

MICHAEL
Killing me won't bring her back.

JACK
Who said anything about killing you?

JACK points his pistol at SHELLY.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm going to kill her.

SHELLY
OH GOD, NO!

SHELLY drops to her knees.

MICHAEL
NO! NO, YOU'RE NOT.

JACK
This is what I came here to do,
Michael.

SHELLY trembles and closes her eyes. Crying, she starts praying, amidst MICHAEL's pleas.

MICHAEL
PLEASE DON'T DO THIS. I BEG OF YOU.
THIS IS THE MOTHER OF MY CHILD. PLEASE.

SHELLY
Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is
with you, blessed are ye...

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Michael. I don't think
you'll fully appreciate my pain until
I take away something precious of
yours.

MICHAEL
YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS. I'VE LEARNT
MY LESSON. I'LL TURN MYSELF IN. I'LL
GET HELP. I'LL DO ANYTHING, JUST
PLEASE DON'T TAKE HER AWAY FROM ME...

SHELLY
...and blessed is the fruit of thy
womb, Jesus Christ. Holy Mary, mother
of God, pray for us sinners, now and
at the hour of our death...

JACK (CONT'D)
Say goodbye, Michael.

MICHAEL
NO! PLEASE GOD NO!

JACK pulls the trigger. CLICK.

MICHAEL struggles to breathe. SHELLY, eyes still closed,
continues to pray silently. JACK's heavy breathing slowly
decreases.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
The gun wasn't loaded?

JACK
You surprise me, Michael. Even with
all your indiscretions, your callous
treatment of other women,
your...disgusting sickness, you
still claim to love this woman.

MICHAEL
I love my wife more than anything else.

JACK
Interesting. A serial rapist and
murderer still in love with his wife.
I have yet to hear stranger things.

MICHAEL wipes his tears and composes himself.

MICHAEL
Your gun wasn't loaded.

JACK looks at SHELLY.

JACK
I'm sorry it had to come down to this,
my dear. But this whole ordeal will all
be over soon.

JACK reaches into his pocket and pulls out a bullet.

JACK (CONT'D)
It really saddens me that this world
is filled with animals like you, who
have no cause for concern about their
callous actions. I pray that you will
find redemption at some point in your
pathetic, miserable existence.

JACK inserts the bullet into the pistol chamber. He looks at his
pistol.

JACK (CONT'D)
I did however promise you that someone
would die here tonight. And I am a man
of my word.

MICHAEL braces himself.

JACK points the gun at his head. MICHAEL and SHELLY, still in
tears, look on, horrified.

JACK (CONT'D)
I can guarantee you this. More will
come to your doorstep such as myself,
and it will be high time for you and
your friends to reap the seeds that
you've sown.

JACK cocks the hammer

JACK (CONT'D)
See you in hell, Michael.

MICHAEL
NO!!

SHELLY
NO!!

BANG! JACK's lifeless body drops.

MICHAEL
OH GOD! OH JESUS!

SHELLY is frozen. MICHAEL trembles.

They look on as blood trickles from Jack's head to the photographs. REVEAL on first photograph of a woman lying on a medical table with rope marks on her throat.

As the blood trickles on, we see the second photograph. An ultrasound of a fetus.

The blood finally trickles down and seems to slow down and build up on the final photograph. A photo of a clean shaven man and a beautiful woman, hugging. JACK and his wife. Smiling.

FADE TO BLACK.